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seems clearer, and the sunshine freer, when it is gone.

The red leaves drift and float, and waft away on a wandering breeze, and pile in the windings of the long sunny road; but they give back no rustle to the tread of feet that pass down the old remembered way. Who is this shade that stalks tall and spectral through my fancy—who goes so silently, and never bends one glance aside, as he passes under the maple trees? The sunshine and the bright October day are gone, and blue midnight wraps the world. The stars stand in their white clustered ranks, keeping watch above the lonely hills; the broad full moon shines down into the valley, and fills it with light, like a cup, to the very rim of the encircling mountain chain. One star lies softly on the brow of the black Dome, and the Pleiades are tangled in the dark maple boughs, as I walk with Bessie down the long white road, and the tall dark shadow is at our side. The red light of his pipe burns up a moment, and shows me the clear sharp lines of the pale face, its solemn strength and sweetness, and the deep blue silence of the eyes that look so far away. If he speaks, I do not hear it—he is always a shadow, silent and unapproachable, and is always passing away, with his serene face white and calm, and never looks aside. He lingers longest of all the shadows that have faded—but he too is gone at last, and I stretch out no recalling hand.

Two shades come hand in hand, and look at me with the same dark eyes, earnest and deep. The others vanish with the breath of the South wind, but they stay by my side, faithful through fancies and realities; and are of my world, whether the green leaves rustle in the sun, or the snow lies on these hills. They sit beside me under the maples and watch the shadows of our summer glide away—Bessie with her grave brown eyes, and he, "the beloved," as his old Hebrew name has it, not in vain. The strange dream-pictures flash and waver; old faces and young; Nellie's black eyes, with their wild gleam of tawny gold, going side by side with Elaine's fair baby-face, and her curls, woven of the July sunshine. Even one ominous black straw hat starts from the realm of shades, and at the voice that issues from its depths, the train of shadows vanishes. Our minstrels, our artists, and our solitary critic, have passed away—pass with them, priestess of the sciences, and trouble my dreams no more!

Have they gone, all my cherished shadows? the summer has faded with them, and the brown autumn brings its memories with the falling, drifting leaves. Sweet memories of rest and calm, of happiness and peace, under the golden noons, and the rosy dying sunsets, and the silver silence of midnight stars; memories tender and bright; of beauty and harmony, that, once known, are mine forever, and cannot be taken away.

And so farewell, my dreams in the long sweet summer—my days too bright to keep! I have seen the last, and I have come back to life and reality; with a sigh, and a smile that is sadder than a tear, for some of the shadows that I have watched pass by.

MINETTE.

Julian Romea is appointed director of Madrid's musical conservatory, and Barbieri, a composer there, lately received from that city's artillery's garrison corps, an elegant *baton*, made of precious stuff, to recompense his aid in their musical solemnity to honor their patron Saint.

## BELLINI.

BY ARTHUR POUGHIN.

Translated from the French by MARGARET CECILIA CLEVELAND.

### III.

Behold Bellini at Naples, and notwithstanding the real sorrow which he felt in being separated from his family for an indefinite time, the thought of fulfilling his vows, comforted him. Before his departure he had received from divers persons in Catena, recommendations to the Duke de Noja, Governor of the Conservatoire of San Sebastians (also called San Pietro a Majella), of which the great artist called Nicholas Zingarelli was the effective director. But his talent was his best recommendation, and at the end of a brilliant examination, he was received into this celebrated establishment.

When Bellini entered the Conservatoire, Mercadante had scarcely left it, and had preluded to his future dramatic success by the composition of several cantatas, executed at San Carlos. His only school-fellows then, (if we except M. Carlo Conti, a distinguished musician, and the brothers Luigi and Federico Ricci, the authors, so happily inspired of Crispino e la Comare), were some young artists who have never emerged from obscurity, such as Anselmo Dezio, Gianni, Tonetti, Perugini, Marras, and others.

At first his studies progressed without showing any special or determined vocation; he studied vocal music, and instrumental, without drawing any particular attention upon himself, and without elevating, as might have been expected, his personality from the mass of the young pupils at the Conservatoire. It is only from the moment that he attempted composition that his first success is dated. He passed two years under the direction of Tritto, who made him go through a complete course of counterpoint, after which he passed into the class of Zingarelli.

From this time, he worked with veritable ardor. Already, at the close of a *concours*, he found himself accorded the title of *maestrino*, a dignity reserved for the most studious pupils of the Conservatoire, and which corresponds to what we call in France *répétiteur*; those who are honored with it, give three times a week a lesson to those less advanced than themselves. A little later, he was promoted to the rank of *primo maestrino*, a situation purely honorary, which consists in overlooking the studies of the scholars, the lessons given by the simple *maestrino*, and to exercise over all a kind of moral, familiar, and affectionate authority.

For the rest, by the effect of his frank nature, expansive and ultra-sensitive, by the gentleness and amenity of his character, by the exquisite distinction of his manners, Bellini drew upon himself the affection, esteem, and sympathy of all; professors and pupils felt themselves drawn towards him; and Zingarelli, at this time almost seventy years old, expressed for the young *maestrino*, a tenderness quasi-paternal. The latest information gathered upon this matter by the lawyer-Ciconetti authorizes us to affirm that there was absolutely no foundation for the pretended severity exercised by Zingarelli upon Bellini, and that on the contrary he always treated him in a manner like a son.

One must believe, however, that, either the genius of Bellini, plunged and almost lost in reveries

and contemplation, remained restive to the instructions that he received, or that the standard of learning, at present so low, had begun to decline considerably at that time in the Conservatoire, for Bellini was never a learned musician—far from that! although in addition to the lessons of Tritto and Zingarelli, he had also studied counterpoint with Raimondi and Carlo Conti. His best study would certainly have been the one which he undertook, in imitation of Rossini, and which consisted in putting in score the quartettes of Hayden and Mozart, a truly laborious work, if we only consider the purely mechanical part, but which gives to the attentive scholar an opportunity of observing the beauties of style and composition, and the admirable accuracy of the great masters. Unfortunately Bellini had not the courage to accomplish the task he had imposed upon himself, and abandoned it when scarcely commenced. In reality that which constituted the best part of his musical education was the reading of the works of Hayden and Mozart, of Durante and Jomelli, above all those of Pergolèse, for which he unreservedly expressed his admiration, and with whom his heart sympathized completely.

Nevertheless he composed considerably; and already sent to his family several essays, among which was a mass that was executed at Catena in the church of *St. Francois d'Assise*, on the occasion of the fête of the Emperor of Austria. Soon after he composed several pieces of instrumental music, as many as fifteen overtures or symphonies (1) three masses *à grand orchestre*, a *Dixit Dominus*, a *Tantum ergo*, a *Magnificat*, litanies, etc.

De La Fage, that erudite and competent critic, has taken the pains to examine some of Bellini's orchestral pieces; here is what he says in the notice which he has written of the composer; all who have doubted the ability of Bellini, in orchestration and instrumentation, will easily believe his word:

"I have had the opportunity to examine two or three of these pieces: they are not even of a passable mediocrity. Everything favors the belief that Bellini was aware that this style did not suit him; for, in many of his operas, he has put himself quite at his ease in this respect by entirely dispensing with any thing like an *overture*. He had an excuse for this proceeding, certainly convenient, in the indulgence of the public, which did not exact it of him, and the unfortunate attempt in the overture to *Norma*, where he presents the spectacle of a feeble child consuming itself in futile efforts to reach a point, which, placed beyond its reach, seems to recede each time that the child approaches it."

To be continued.

### MUSICAL GOSSIP.

*La France Musicale* gives an elaborate description of a new theatre at Florence, called "Il Teatro Rossini" which is also styled "Royal" to give it éclat with Victor Emmanuel's court followers, by performance of "La Cenerentola" and "Il Diavolo Zeppe" for ballet sauce or desert. Urania Feralde a very beautiful person, gave Cinderella personal, vocal, and dramatic attraction notwithstanding she then appeared in opera for the first time. Her great success there and splendid contralto voice encourage great hopes for a still more brilliant future, in grand tragic roles many thousand times more difficult. The rondo finale gained her immense honors.

A worthy successor to Gardoni and Giuglini